

# ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS



## AND THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

No. 24.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.

DOUBLE NUMBER, PRICE 2d.

### ANGLING.

THE trout streams of the interior of Wales are but little frequented by any but local anglers. Yet, in the debateable land which lies between North and South Wales, there is fair sport to be had both on the heads of the rivers and in the little mountain lakes. They may be approached in several ways. But the best way, perhaps, for the angler who can afford a week or two's time for exploring them is to proceed by railway to Hereford. From thence he may take coach to Builth.

Here, if he choose to make any stay, he has command of the fishing of the Wye and its tributary, the Yrfon. Considered as trout streams, however, neither of them are good at this point. When the river is in condition it is true that the former affords fair salmon fishing; but the trout fishing is decidedly bad. The lower part of the Yrfon is not much better, and it is a most heart-breaking water to fish, its banks being skirted by thick wood and steep rocks. The head waters of this river, however, I have heard very good accounts of. Both Wye and Yrfon abound in chub, and those who care about such small deer may be interested in knowing that the former contains gudgeon of unusual size. I have taken them close on to six to the pound.

On leaving Builth the angler must be prepared to pedestrianise for the most part during the rest of his tour. Shouldering his knapsack, let him march upon Abergesswyn, fourteen miles distant, and it will be wise to carry with him a day's provisions or so, and a flask of "eau de vie," for the larder of the so-called Grouse Inn, where, if he start at all late in the day, he must put up for the night, is apt to be ill-provided, and the "village" consists of only two or three cottages. The fishing of the Yrfon here, a few miles from its rise, is, I really believe, good, and there are large trout to be had. It is preserved by a landowner (Mr. Thomas) a few miles off; but leave to fish might, I should think, be easily got. I regret that I cannot speak of the river here—river I call it, though it is but a moorland brook—from experience. I was hard pressed for time when I visited this spot, and had to push on. N.B.—Any one staying a night at Abergesswyn must not be in anywise particular either about bed or board. Passing from this hamlet, the angler (provided, of course, with squares of the Ordnance maps) should make for the river Towy; a mountain walk of about five miles will enable him to strike it at a point three or four miles below Nant-y-Stalwyn (a solitary farm-house, where anglers and artists are occasionally put up, and find better accommodation than at the last-mentioned halting place). Lower down the waters of the river are quite inaccessible, having forced themselves a passage deep down between rocks towering up, treed, to the height of five or six hundred feet. This is the

Forest of Esogh, and all around spreads the almost unpeopled "wilderness of South Wales." Fishing up towards Nant-y-Stalwyn the angler will find some excellent pools and streams; and after rain should have no difficulty in basketing three or four dozen of average-sized mountain trout. If he is lucky he may chance upon a sewin, though a good account of all-incantuous stragglers of this species is generally given by the poachers of Llandevey, miles lower down the river. If the water is in good condition, i.e., full, and if he can be accom-

modated—two important requisites—two or three days spent here will well repay the fisherman whose heart is in his sport. Not one in a hundred of the natives here speak English, however; and, of course, he must make up his mind to forego both luxuries and human converse—at all events, to a very great degree.

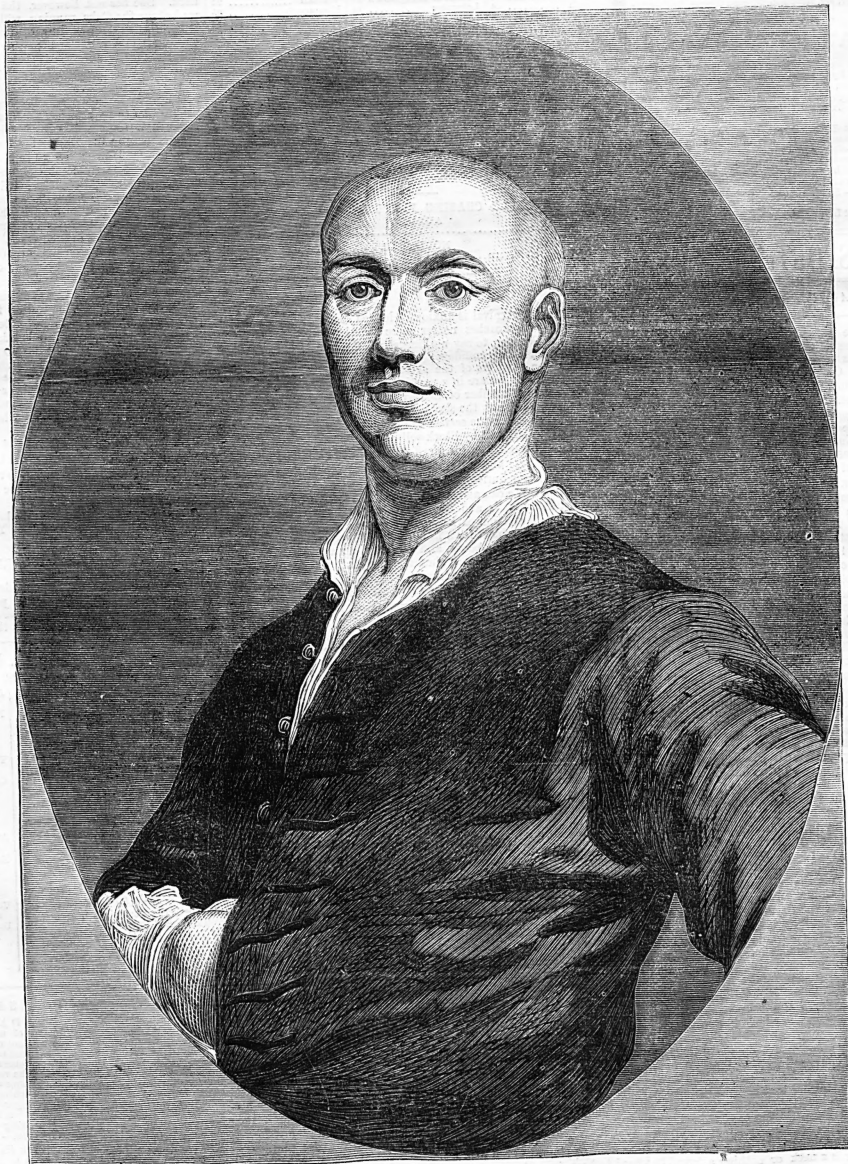
Proceeding northward from Nant-y-Stalwyn up the Towy the scenery becomes more and more wild; and the pedestrian has to wade no less than thirteen times through the river which, here much reduced in volume of water, winds spirally across the mountain tract which forms his only road. A march of about ten miles, however, will bring him down to the low country, and to the village of Pontrhyffendigaid (pronounced Pontryfendigaid), where he had better rest previous to fishing the famous Teivi Pools—a name given to several small lakes on a wild part of the surrounding mountains, containing abundance of trout, and open to all honest anglers, as well as, it is to be feared, a few poachers.

From the principal of these lakes, and the most abundant in trout, the river Teivi issues, which gives its name to the pools. From the village inn (the Red Lion) it is about a two hours' walk—the latter half comprising some stiff climbing before these lakes are reached, and they may very well be missed altogether by one who is unsupplied with a map or a guide.

**WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION OF FISH.**—A short time ago we announced the breaking of the temporary bridge at Commins Coch, the submerging of the engine, and the death of the driver, Henry Clough. Upon the present occasion we have to report the fall of what was intended to be the permanent structure, which took place on Wednesday last by a brick arch giving way, being completely broken down by the weight of soil which had been placed upon it. The loss to the contractor is estimated at £500, besides the delay which it involves the opening of the line. But the story is as yet but half told. To the funny tribes inhabiting the Devey the consequence of the fall has been terrific. The vast quantity of lime which was used in the structure has been the death of thousands of fish, and lots of salmon, sewing, and trout have been destroyed. A fisherman reports that tons upon tons have been destroyed, and that such a wholesale destruction of fish was scarcely ever seen.—*Onestry Advertiser.*

**TROTTERING.**—Mr. Harrison has backed his pony Daisy to trot fifteen miles in the hour. £50 to £20 is bet against Daisy accomplishing the task in the time named. A level £20 has been bet against the pony doing fourteen miles in the hour. The match to come off on Monday next, August 25, near Birmingham.

**QUOITS.**—Mr. J. Woolfoot, Harewood Arms, Leeds, has received articles and the deposits due for the matches between E. Mercer and M. Hill; also that between T. Hill and D. Berry, of Ossit. Each match is for £10 a side, and they are fixed to take place this day (August 23rd) at Holbeck Cricket Ground.



JACK BROUGHTON, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND IN 1740.

(From the Original Engraving.)

## OUR LATEST EDITION.

We beg to announce that a Late Edition of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS, containing all Sporting Matters of interest up to Friday night, is issued on

SATURDAY MORNING.

A time for the early Morning Trains.

## OUR RACING PROPHECIES.

Great difficulty being experienced in procuring complete programmes of the various races and events, we have been obliged to omit many of the races which our readers are desirous of obtaining our opinions upon the likely results of forthcoming races will be kind enough to refer to the Second Edition, published on Friday evening.

## PLYMOUTH REGATTA.

A Splendid Engraving of this great aquatic festival, from a Drawing by our own Artist, will appear in the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS for Saturday, August 30th.

## TO OUR READERS.

The Proprietors will be glad to receive photographs and sketches of sporting characters and events; also reports of interesting sporting and theatrical matters.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* Three copies of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS can be forwarded to any part of the United Kingdom for One Penny, postal rate. This offers subscribers residing in remote districts the opportunity of making arrangements so as to receive papers direct from the office at an almost nominal rate of transmission.

\* \* THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS being established for the purpose of assisting our sports and pastimes, correspondence from all quarters, on every legitimate topic, is invited. All letters to be addressed to "THE EDITOR," who will give them early and earnest consideration.

REV. G. J. HARRISON (Chelmsford).—Bob Travers was twenty-four years of age on the 24th of July. He has a wife and several children. You cannot do better than lead him a helping hand towards his education.

W. SARRIS (Small Heath, Birmingham).—William, the Australian champion, is the same man who fought Tom Tyler.

EARL EDELMAN.—King Chosen beat Bourke, who is now over here from Australia. It was at the diggings in California.

RACE.—Yes; King is with Ginnetta's circle, as you might have noticed in our last. The photograph of him in our second number was unquestionably a fair likeness, but we are about to issue a full-page-size portrait of the challenger for the champion's belt of England at an early date.

J. FLEET (Croydon).—The Grand Cruikshank engraving of "The Road to the Fight" is still in the course of publication, a re-issue having been determined upon by the proprietors in order to meet the unprecedented demand for this vivid depicture of the palmy days of the ring. Your orders should, of course, be forwarded direct to our publisher, Mr. Harrison, Morton House, Salisbury-square, London.

YOUNG BROOMER (Aldershot).—The carte de visite you have forwarded us is much too dark and indistinct to be of any use, and we are sorry to hear of its reproduction a portrait which would be a credit to ourselves and you.

W. JAMES (Hyde, Lancashire).—It was Tom King (now matched with Mace for the championship) who was at Hyde recently, at Ginnetta's Circus. Pay drop us a line any time anything like sporting comes off in your pretty resort. We shall keep you well posted through our columns of the championship. This week we give Sayers and Heenan. In a brief time we shall give full sized originals of King and Mace.

PRESTONIAN (Preston).—(West Russell-street, Glasgow).—A first-class pedestrian ought to cover the distance of 440 yds in fifty seconds. H. A. led covered the distance in forty-eight and a half.

TROTTER.—A Stronachian (Westminster).—Twenty miles.

TURP.—Spectator (Brynmarrow).—The sweeps are entirely done away with.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Preston (Westminster).—Many thanks. We shall be glad if you will continue to send us.

J. E. T.—Twenty-three years since, at Liverpool.

## ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.

IN *Chamber's Journal* for the present month we find an article entitled "The Modern Prophets," which professes to ridicule that class of sporting writers known as tipsters; but which signally fails to carry out the object in view. Our satirical friend commences his paper with a dissertation on prophets in general, and gradually works his subject down to racing prophets in particular, and thus getting it to the very dullest of the sportsman, the tipster, and the tipster's circle, but not concerning themselves with the religious or even the theatrical public, but confine themselves wholly to the sporting world. Hear this, Earl Derby, Lord Palmerston, Baron Rothschild, Admiral Rous, and all ye lights of the Turf! Our satirist excludes you from the respectable portion of the community, and classes you with "the fast and the loose"; but this is a mere joke to what follows. A little further on he tells you of the open-handed liberality of the tipster; "of their willingness, in the hour of success, to part with that which has been so lightly gotten!" but not from any generous impulse of the heart—oh dear, no! he will not give you credit for any such thing; but, through "a certain superstitious feeling among you which prompts you to make others share in your good fortune." But here comes the crowning piece of absurdity, which we extract bodily, as it would lose by the transposition or omission of a syllable: "These modern prophets, who follow the prophet's advice, after winning a few hundreds, will often chuck a sovereign to a beggar with the idea of appeasing the deities; for they are aware of coming mitting many impieties, and, unlike some Christians, are conscious of not deserving such good luck. They are not regular subscribers to coal clubs, soup clubs, or other charitable institutions, being not seldom in want of such necessities themselves, but having 'put the pot on to some purpose' on an unexpected winning on a *Bourne* or a *Bedford*—they overlook, like oil-wells, with irrepressible, though random generosity." Then follows a note advising charitable societies to put up receiving boxes at the grand stands of our principal racecourses. This is certainly the most extraordinary assertion we ever heard of; and as the soup clubs we cannot assert that turkeys subscribe to them—perhaps they object to put their money in the hands of a committee of managers, who, whilst lolling out a jug of very thin broth to the poor, contrive to feast on turtle and the large residue of the quarter's subscriptions, forwarded by those who are aware of coming to trust them with it. If turf men do not recognise these institutions, and prefer tossing a sovereign to a poor wayfarer to placing it in the hands of Aminadab Sleek for the purpose of distribution, we do not blame them, as, thanks to Mr. Dickens and a crowd of other powerful exponents of cant and hypocrisy, we know better than to place implicit reliance in the Brother Stiggins's community. But then the superstition—where is not worth anything, for it must be the assertion of a drivelling idiot. This candidate for Colney Hatch distinction honours the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS by reprinting a letter which appeared in its columns concerning the Derby; in fact the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS is immensely favoured in fact, being treated with large capitals and innumerable italics. The letter referred to offered our readers some advice concerning two dark horses which the writer saw "coming," and which did come on the day of the race in such force as to offer those who backed them an extraordinary opportunity of eluding. True, neither of the horses our vaticinator mentioned won the Derby, and the writer in *Chamber's Journal* grows very facetious in consequence, but he does not understand, and, therefore, cannot give our correspondent his due, for his foresight in predicting the success of horses which stood respectively at 1,000 to 6 and 1,000 to 10 at the time he wrote, and which 25 to 1 we can give our correspondent credit for a week or nothing attempt to make a large number of guineas if by chance his outsiders were and this in the face of the fact that the letter in question was a private communication, addressed to the editor, and bearing neither name nor address. After this attack, the writer deals with the whole

host of advertising tipsters, and, in some instances, ridicules the bare-faced assertions of success publicly announced by these gentlemen with something like truth, but he can give no one the credit due to them except *Bell's Life*; a journal which he does not hesitate to puff far beyond its deserts. He laughs at all the minor prophets for speaking of Caracacus as the best of the outsiders for a place investment, but instances the following extract from the prophecy of Rhyming Richard "a remarkable instance of prevision":—

"Caracacus, whose splendid shape Sets every country mouth agape; And if, of the outsiders there, One horse should pass the winning chair, Enrolled in the successful three Be sure Caracacus is he."

Well, so far as it goes, this was very well, but let us look at the wind up of the poem:—

"The 'ribbon' and the deathless wreath, And the horse crowd's applauding breath, NERTUNUS are thine own!"

Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion! but then our friend does not dare attack this prophecy. We presume he thinks both the prophet and the journal for which he wrote within the pale of that respectability from which he excludes all the remainder of the racing fraternity. Whether this be so, or whether this article is nothing more than a gigantic advertisement for *Bell's Life*, or whether, which is most probable, our contributor is ignorant of the minute of the subject on which he has undertaken to write, and because he is unable to appreciate the enormous labour, the calculations, the diligent watching, and the practical and theoretical knowledge of horses which constitute the turf prophet's pretensions to position in his peculiar walk of life, takes pains to ridicule his labour in a public journal. In conclusion, we sincerely trust that when this insipid satirist next undertakes to write for the Messrs. Chambers he will choose a subject on which he is more competent to hold forth than that of "The Modern Prophets."

## THE TURF.

## RACING FIXTURES FOR 1862.

Stockton .....	26	Lichfield .....	26	Tonbridge .....	29
Egham .....	26	Bridgewater .....	28	Ladlow .....	29
Devon and Exeter ..	2	Warwick .....	9	Richmond .....	23
Derby .....	2	Totnes & Bridgetown	10	Walsall .....	24
Plymouth .....	4	Leamington .....	10	Gommouth .....	25
Oxford .....	4	Doncaster .....	16	Manchester .....	26
Chester .....	8	Worsley .....	22	Newmarket F O ..	30

Cheshamfield .....	1	Boyal .....	10	Perth .....	16
Edinburgh and L. C.	1	Hunt and Kelso ..	7	Glooucester .....	21
Bedford .....	7	Newmarket S O ..	13	Newmarket H .....	27
Worcester .....	4	Hereford .....	10	Shrewsbury .....	18
Lincoln Autumn .....	4	Liverpool .....	12		

## IRISH RACING FIXTURES FOR 1862.

Curragh .....	2	Londonderry .....	12	Jankestown Park ..	30
Carlow .....	9	Tramore .....	12	Cashel .....	30

## STEEPLE CHASING FIXTURES FOR 1862.

Dieppe .....					24
Upton-on-Severn .....					6

## THE ST. LEGER PROBLEM.

The Doncaster carnival is anxiously looked forward to. As the St. Leger conflict approaches nearer more feverish becomes the book-maker and the sportsman, to say nothing about the interested owner and trainer of a northern candidate; consequently the slightest information anent the progress of the several animals engaged is accepted with pleasure. As we are in a position this week to offer a few comments upon a number of those who have figured in the market, or are expected to be at the starting post, we will, do so, trusting that they may be of some service to our host of kind patrons.

ARGONAUT, a bay colt by Stockwell, out of Aphrodite, is not a very propositionally good, from his giraffe-like head and neck, and questionable fetlock joints; but, from cutting up so light the Derby, for which his preparation was hurried, we have heard little or nothing of him in the market. We can assure our readers, however, that the horse is doing remarkably well; and Sir Joseph Hawley again fancies him, though no demonstration is likely to be made until the very eve of the tourney. We know for a fact that just before Epsom he was tried with Asteroid, St. Alexis, and Duke Rolla; and whilst he made a race home of it with the old 'un, the two latter were beaten off. Subsequently Argonaut went against the heavy and quick work telling tale, so that when he showed in the Derby he was full both in coat and spirits, and his action was gone. Rest and a judicious preparation has done much for him, and we yet think he is destined to shine.

ACE or OLDS, a chestnut colt by Stockwell, out of Sweetstake (Irish Queen's dam), has been talked of most mysteriously as a dangerous outsider; but we can hardly believe that a horse of his make can win a Leger, though Stockwell was certainly much after the same stamp. Yet the Ace, it must be remembered, is a confirmed "roarer," and is in a stable out of which comes the first favourite, and a filly who has a plethora of admirers; independent of a third one, and that one, belonging to Mr. Bowes, being occasionally nibbled at; whereas we never had Lord Annesley's colt quoted.

BERTHA, by Stockwell, out of Princess—the latter the dam of Nuthorne (being by Merry Monarch, and not the mare, by Slane, who won the Oaks)—is a magnificent looking filly; and, perhaps, after all, is the only hope for Lord Stamford of pulling the Leger off, now that Ensign is cast away. Of late she appears to have come back to her superior two-year-old form; but as she is not fond of a length, it is useless to confide in her.

BOWES' BASS KNOX, by Voltigeur, out of Queen Mary, from her affinity and likeness to the old "un," can hardly be expected to win the Leger with great hopes of repeating his *Calder* O'preise; and, though we are inclined to believe that the mare is better than is generally supposed, yet we are not one of her adherents.

BUCKSTON, by Voltigeur, out of Burlesque, by Touchstone, was evidently over-trained for the Derby, so that it became a necessity not to send him to Ascot, but resort to physic and rest. The prudence of this step is now confirmed by the altered looks and condition of the colt, for he is as lively as a kitten and as strong as a lion, taking his daily exercise in the park of Russley with all life and courage, to the extreme satisfaction of his stable; and, as George Fordham is engaged to ride, it would not be policy to stand heavy against him, as the Doncaster course will assuredly suit him better than the Epsom one, the hill tiring him in Surrey.

The *Champion* colt (Lord Glasgow's) is fit, but can never improve upon the Derby form.

CARACACUS, by Kingston, out of Defenoe's (by Defence dam by Cain), since he gave such uneasiness to his backers, through the wicked Lewis *caracac*, has been placed under the strict surveillance of the police. There is nothing whatever the matter with him. On the contrary, he is in excellent health and condition, and must be hard to beat, from the very fact that he will be fresher at the Leger post than when he ran at Epsom. There he was a stale horse, ridden without whip or spur by an inexperienced boy, and was more than once nearly down on his nose. Just a week previous to the Derby he ran a severe two mile and a quarter handicap race at Bath, and that

alone would take pounds out of him; and if he is ridden next month by Jan Gouter that will make him 5lb (at least) better than he was in Parsons' hands.

CATHERINE, by Stockwell, out of Selina, has reappeared on the Newmarket heath; but from the limited amount of work he is doing, the critical state of his legs, and the effects of the late attack of influenza, it would be folly to expect him to be got fit for the northern tussle.

CARSHROCK, by Stockwell, out of The Rap's dam (Kathleen), is not only a very uncertain horse, but is unsuited entirely to the Doncaster moor; yet, if the pace is favourable to him, he may run forward.

CELLARIUS, by Fandango, out of Minceam's dam, has greatly improved; but, being a musician, he will be out of the race ere the Red House in.

CITADEL, by Stockwell, out of Sortie, was put into training immediately upon Ensign being shelled, and is a big, slashing colt. Still there is no quality about him; and Bertha will represent the interest better.

COSTA, by The Baron, out of Catherine Hayes, was never better than he is now, and will go on improving; yet he is not the class of animal to look for a Leger winner in, and will be started only to "assist" Buckstone.

EXCHERQUE, by Stockwell, out of Stamp, is a horse of plenty of size and good joints, but rather short and leggy, and having been out of the race for the 2000 and Derby, he is, we think, we cannot entertain the notion that he has any prospect of gaining a place in Yorkshire, for he had hard work to vanquish Montebello over Pitechiff this summer.

GARIBOLDI, by Voltigeur, out of Comfit, is reported to be a very nice horse, and the representative of the Zetland sports. We know nothing of his merits; but the success of the popular Grand Master of Freemasonry would be hailed with universal joy.

HARLEQUIN, by Voltigeur dam by Melbourn, is as game as a pebble, and would last for a moon, being bred to stay, but he lacks the pace. Latterly he has been on the sick list.

HURRICANE, by Wild Dayrell, out of Midea, is a good-looking steeple to Aylance, and ran so gamely and well at Ascot, under a penalty, and done so well since, that not a few believe that she is the best of John Scott's team. We have all along recommended her to our readers; and if she comes well to the post (no animal could be doing better than she is just now) we shall treat her with a trifling for the "off chance," notwithstanding the favour extended to The Marquis.

IMPERATRICE, by Orlando, out of Bulogy, is thought highly of by Colonel Towneley, who thinks she is safe of repeating her sister's trick. She has not, however, the Imperious stamp about her; and we believe the Oaks running will, sooner or later, be found correct. Besides, if she was, Imperatrice was all out to beat Malek and the Kneave at Goodwood, and neither of the latter couple were then up to the mark.

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG, by Annadale, out of Heather Bell, was the best of the two-year-old performers last season, and has grown into a very nice horse. From what he has been doing with Ivanhoff at home, we believe him to be a first-class horse; and those who took our advice about him some weeks back, when he was at a long shot, will have rare hedging the course of a fortnight's time, as he will see a very short price. He does not go to Stockton next week.

THE MARQUIS, by Stockwell, out of Cinizelli, enjoys the reputation of being John Scott's choice; and the public generally look upon the Derbys as a mistake. Ashmall, too, says, if he had come right through the horse could not have lost. We, however, think differently, and fully expect to see The Marquis cut a much more indifferent figure in the north than he did in the south, for the extra distance will be too much for him if the race is run properly.

NERTUNUS, by Weatherbit, out of Athena Pallas, is lame, and the chances are that he will be an absentee.

OLD CALABAR, by King Tom, out of Bel Esperanza's dam, is doing gentle work; but it is impossible for him to be sufficiently prepared for so great and severe an encounter as this.

OLIVE BRANCH, American bred, is said to be a certain starter, and is a good game mare.

WALMISTON, by Newmarket, out of Highwaysman's dam, is a neat little horse, and showed some form with Leicester at Warwick, in the spring, but we cannot think he is stamp good enough, albeit he will probably make a noise in the market.

The STOCKWELL colt (Lord Glasgow's) is at present on the sick list.

WELCOME, by Fazolette, out of Auld Acquaintance, was stopped in his work a few weeks back, but has resumed his preparation, and is now all right again. Mr. Bowes is sure to run him; yet, as he is only to be classed in the category of the slow game animals, we apprehend no danger from him.

From the above hurriedly explained views, consequently on our being "ordered" immediately for York, it will be seen that we have the strongest fancy for

## JOHNNY ARMSTRONG;

and next to him we should confide in CARACACUS and HURRICANE. Market movements, the result of private trials, changes of owners, accidents, or what not, may, however, necessitate us to offer other advice ere the start's day falls to the Leger combatants.

## THE ST. LEGER.

## A DREAMER'S PROPHECY.

All others you may say are naught. If they won't win, what will? No matter what I laid on my choice, I will support him still. No horse but he will win the day, I'll beat the golden price away. The Marquis at the post will be Second, I now predict. Caracacus is quite "shut up," And Argonaut is "licked." And thus my choice will win the day. After the Marquis, running game, Caracacus comes in third, Next him the Liverpudlian's Cup, He'll be the first to win. But my choice will win the day, Yet bear the golden price away. Voltigeur's colt, with Marquis strong, He'll be the first to win the day. But Buckstone rushes past the post, The winner of the race. This Argonaut swift will win the day, And bear the golden price away. F. M. E.

## TATTERSALL'S.

## MONDAY.

There was a pretty large muster of members at the Corner on Monday. Though the general tone of things was not that of buoyant description, the day before the York August Meeting used to present in years gone by. Speculation was, however, rife, while members remained together, as, in their anxiety to catch the racing spirit, the room was thinned at an early hour. The most noticeable feature of the betting was the retrogression of Baldy Edmond, about whom 20 to 1 was taken, while "The Caps," and Pembroke were firm at quotation. For the St. Leger The odds had thinned at an early hour, 4 to 1 being taken to money. A fresh candidate for the Derby of 1862 was introduced in the form, belonging to Lord Annesley, who was supported at 10 to 1 (taken). Closing prices.

3 to 1	2 agt Cap Fitzroy (200)	10 to 1	1 agt Ivanhoff (off)
8 to 1	1 — Pembroke (5)	20 to 1	1 — Baldy Edmond (5)
4 to 1	1 agt Marquis (1)	1000 to 35 agt Imperatrice (5)	
11 to 2	1 — Caracacus (off)	40 to 1	1 — Old Calabar (5)
11 to 2	1 — Buckstone (5)		

## DERBY.

40 to 1 agt The Bear (5)



until the following day, and a certain latitude being given for the admission of a long string of specimens which will arrive by the excursion trains from Yorkshire shire, &c., the same evening. Some of the choicest studs in the man have been promised to be exhibited, and the under is one of such magnitude as to be a full suit of apartments being specially fitted up for the purpose—that the public will make it an established success.

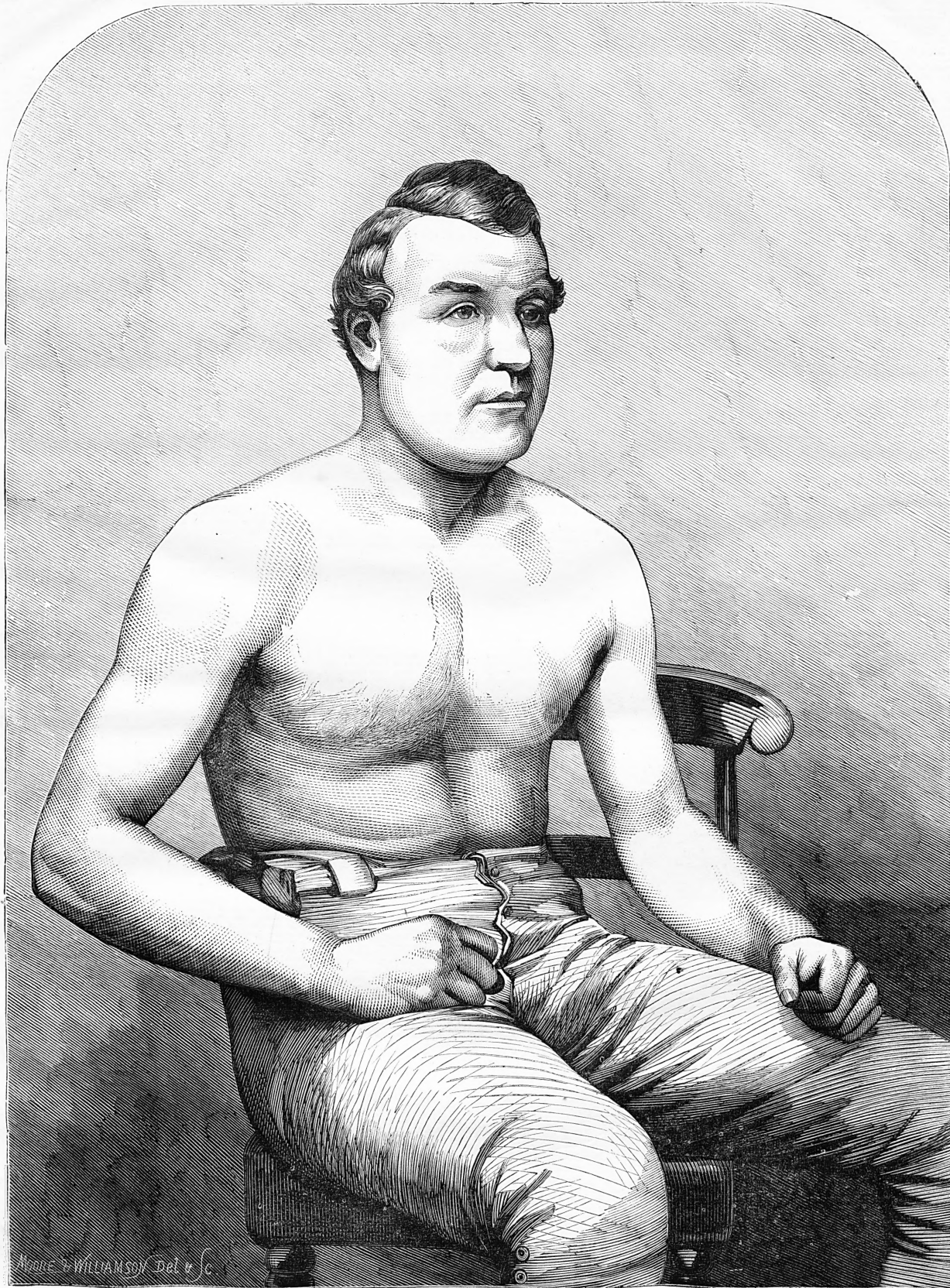




16; start, which is maintained to the end; and (3) the end of the



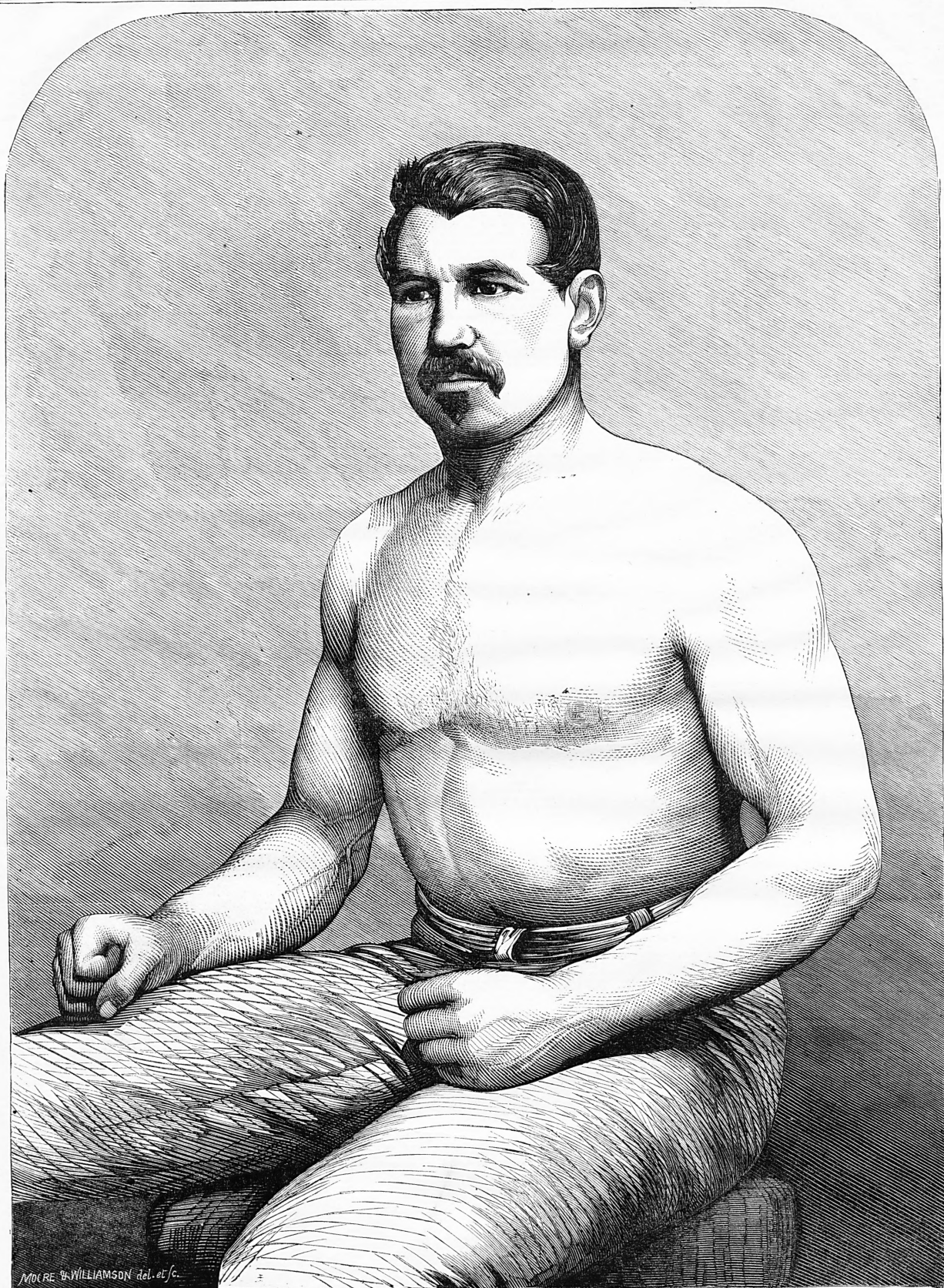




TOM SAYERS.

(From the Original Photograph by Newbold.)

TOM SAYERS, weight 10st 12lb, barely 5ft 6in; born 1826. b Crouch, £5 a side, 12min 25sec, Greenhithe, March 19, 1842. Fought Collins, £25 a side, 3r, 37min, at Edenbridge, disturbed by police, and removed to Red Hill, where 29 more rounds were fought in 1h 52min, when darkness came on and the fight was adjourned, October 22, 1850—Were to have fought in the same ring as Sambo and Cross, December 10, 1850, but darkness came on. b Collins, £25 a side, 44r, 84min, Chapman's Marshes, Long Reach, April 29, 1851. b Jack Grant, £100 a side, 61r, 2h 50min, Mildenhall, June 23, 1852. b Jack Martin, £50 a side, 29r, 55min, Long Reach, January 26, 1853. bn by Nat Langham. b Sims, £50 to £25, 4r, 8min, Long Reach, February 28, 1854. b Harry Poulson, £50 a side, 100r, 3h 8min, Appledore, January 24, 1856. Fought Aaron Jones, £100 a side, 62r, 3h, Banks of Medway, darkness came on; both men much punished; January 6, 1857. b Aaron Jones, £100 a side, and a bet of £100 a side, 85r, 2h, Banks of Medway, February 19, 1857. b Bill Perry (Tipton Slasher), £200 a side and the champion's belt, 10r, 102min, Isle of Grain, June 16, 1857. b Bill Benjamin, £200 a side, 3r, 64min, Isle of Grain, January 5, 1858. b Tom Paddock, £150 a side, 21r, 64min, Canary Island, June 16, 1858. b Bill Benjamin, £200 a side, 11r, 22min, near Ashford, April 5, 1859. b Bob Brettie, £400 to £200, 7r, 15min, Sussex, September 20, 1859. Fought Heenan (the Benicia Boy) £200 a side and the belt, 37r, 2h 6min, when the ring was broken in, partly by the pressure of the police, and partly by the crowd, Sayers being at the time in a dangerous position on the ropes. The referee, forced out of his place by the crowd, was unable to see what followed. Several more scrambling rounds were fought without a referee. Both severely punished. Heenan all but blind, and Sayers having his right arm much injured. Farnborough, April 17, 1860. The battle eventually drawn, and Sayers giving up the champion-ship, May 20, 1860.



JOHN C. HEENAN.

(From the Original Photograph by Newbold.)

J. HEENAN (the Penicill Boy), weight 12st, height 6ft 1½in, born 1834. bn by Morrissey. Fought Sayers (see report). Sailed for New York, July 4, 1860. We have to remark that, if Heenan and his friends complain that the battle was left undecided, the American Champion has chiefly himself to blame for the disappointment which he may think he has sustained. It is certain that he was holding Sayers so that he would have strangled him in another minute and the ropes enclosing the ring were cut or loosened by some one near at hand, in order to deliver Sayers from what appeared to be the peril of immediate death. When the ropes were once lowered of course the ring was

broken, and it is difficult to pronounce whether all the confusion which ensued was, or was not, inevitable. Considering the pressure from without, both from excitement and from the efforts of the police, it was natural to expect that as soon as the barrier of the ropes and stakes had fallen, the small space allotted to the combatants would be inundated by intruders who could not, if they would, have kept outside. It seems to us that Heenan's conduct furnished a pretext which Sayers's friends might, if they chose, lay hold of to break off the battle. We do not say they did, but it is probable that Heenan's friends and countrymen will say so, and it will not be easy to establish, in opposition to

their assertions, that the whole of the confusion which followed the lowering of the ropes was accidental and undesigned. But, we must repeat, that for this unsatisfactory conclusion, Heenan has himself to blame. We believe that his treatment of Sayers at the moment when the ropes were loosened was lawful according to the rules of the Prize Ring. Sayers was not down, and could not get down, because the rope kept him up—and almost any kind of injury may be inflicted so long as the sufferer remains by natural or artificial means upon his legs. We say almost any kind of injury, meaning any that would suggest itself to a combatant trained in the English school.



way's Pills be simultaneously taken to aid in the work of purification and regeneration.

[illegible]



—Cuttly Sark: J. Smith, J. Bradley, W. Williams, R. Southgate.  
—M'Callum (cox). Swan: M'Lean, A. M'Lean, F. Haughy, J. Keegan, J. Orr (cox). Hannah: J. Keneghin, A. Nicholson, E. Stevens, (stroke), H. Sweeney (cox). Morning Early: J. Benson, A. Mackintosh.

\* "London Society." No. 7. August. London: 49, Fleet-street.





